

want kings and presidents, queens and whizz kids. At least make it look like we're a Perfect Family.

Our genius sibling looks bewildered. He winces, crinkles his brow and wipes away sweat drops.

"I don't know, . . . "he hesitates.

We pat him on the back, ruffle his hair, tweak his fat nose and depart the reunion with high hopes in anticipation of his next genealogy volume. We know he can improve.

After all, he's our self-proclaimed family genius.

No pressure.